

When Abner Husted

By C. B. LEWIS

Copyright, 1905, by McClure, Phillips & Co.

Abner Hope, twenty-four years old, lived on a farm just out of Melville, with his sister for housekeeper. Adjoining his farm was that of the Widow Williams. She was thirty-five years old, but she moved around with the step of a girl. She had only put off her mourning when Abner fell in love with her.

The widow was looked upon as a catch by more than one, and Abner had to brush aside three widowers, two old bachelors and a young man or two before he stood in the front row.

Abner Hope was what some folks call a poke. He wasn't lazy, but he was easy going. He intended to take the widow under his arm in due time and clear away the line of fences between the two farms, but he didn't see any special hurry about it.

The widow had said that if she ever married again she would insist on a bridal tour lasting at least two weeks, and he had to figure as to the most convenient time for spending those two weeks from the farm. He also wanted to study the widow and make sure that she was what she seemed, and it was also a pleasant thing to sit with her on the veranda and talk romance and love. There were many reasons for letting things drag along.

Abner never had popped the question and been answered with a "yes," although it was tacitly understood that there was an engagement. One evening he strolled over in his easy way to find the widow in a snappy frame of mind. She had been doing up preserves that day and burned her hand. Her greeting was not as effusive as usual, but that did not disturb Abner in the least. He sat down and began to talk about the corn crop, and the widow stood it for ten minutes before she snapped out:

"Look here, Abner Hope. Do you know that folks are talking about us?"

"I hadn't heard anything in particular."

"Well, I have. Mrs. Richards told me today that the whole neighborhood was wondering why you came here so often."

"Why—why, I come a-courting, of course. I thought everybody knew that," was the surprised answer.

"And what has come of it?"

"Nothing as yet, but as soon as I can get around to it I'm going to ask you to marry me. I suppose you understand that."

"Mr. Hope," replied the widow as she looked up with flashing eyes, "you needn't waste your breath asking me to marry you."

"Why, Mary, what's come over you all at once?"

"I am Mrs. Williams, if you please, and as I am very busy this evening I hope you will excuse me."

"Do you mean that you are going to marry some one else?" asked Abner after a moment's thought.

"My business is my own, sir."

"Don't be a dodo, Mary."

"How dare you talk to me this way? Sir, I bid you good evening!"

She rose up and entered the house, and after sitting around for half an hour Abner took a slow departure and made his way homeward. As he thought matters over his conscience told him that he was derelict. He should have settled the matter weeks before and been ready to get married as soon as corn husking was over. The result of his deliberations was that he would let a day or two pass to smooth down the widow's temper and then call and ask her to set the day. He realized that he loved her, but he didn't persevere over the thought of losing her.

It so happened that Abner had to go to town on a lawsuit for a couple of days and that he was extra busy with work on the farm, and it was a week before he made his next visit to the widow's.

He found that things had changed. She was entertaining a man about forty years old whom she introduced as Mr. Simpson, and it was plain from Mr. Simpson's attitude that he was much attracted.

Abner was formally introduced as Mr. Hope, and the widow conversed with him as if they had seldom met. Mr. Simpson was engaged in driving wells, putting up wire fencing and erecting windmills, and Abner discovered that he had a rival. Indeed, Mr. Simpson was more than a rival. He was now the man inside.

Abner Hope went home to wake up. There was a feeling in his heart that he had never felt before—that of jealousy. It made him stir himself. Bright and early next morning he went over to the next farm to borrow a hoe and incidentally to ask the widow to set the day, but she was not to be seen.

He called three times that week, but as no luck. Then he lay in wait to sound Mr. Simpson. Fortunately for the driver of the red man, he carried a gun, and when he exhibited it Abner backed off like a sensible man. Within two weeks it was reported that Mrs. Williams and Mr. Simpson would make a match of it and that the engagement would be brief. Abner Hope thought and mused fast. He was determined not to give the widow up, but her existing circumstances was helping in the matter, when accident furnished him a weapon.

There was to be a circus in town, at miles away. Mr. Simpson had in a livery rig. Mr. Simpson was in a livery rig. Mr. Simpson was in a livery rig. On the day of the circus there was a row to place when he wrote up some-

one had entered his room in the night from the open veranda window and had robbed him. It took him fifteen minutes to explain what he had been robbed of, and then only after he had resorted to pencil and paper. He raved and gesticulated and jabbered strange words. He was sure there could be no mistake as to his having been robbed. He wanted the sheriff and all his constables put on the trail at once, and he ordered mush and milk for breakfast and ate it without appetite. After breakfast he wrote two or three notes to the widow, but tore them all up and finally set out for her house. People who had seen him every day for weeks did not know him.

Mr. Simpson and the widow were to start for the circus at 11 o'clock in the forenoon. At that hour he drove up to her house and descended. She was not quite ready and asked him to wait a few minutes. He smiled and bowed and answered in the Choctaw dialect.

"Why, Mr. Simpson, what on earth are you?" she asked as she looked him over.

Smiles and bows and more Choctaw. "You—your cheeks have all fallen in; you mumble your words; you don't look at all like yourself. What has happened?"

"I've been robbed," he replied through the medium of paper and pencil.

"Good lands! But what of it?"

"My teeth. Both plates are gone. Some one entered my room last night."

"Did I ever! And you expect to go to the circus and entertain me without a tooth in your head. I'll not go. And so evident was her determination that Mr. Simpson abandoned further effort to persuade her and drove off.

At that juncture Abner Hope drove up. A minute after hitching his horse he was on the veranda beside the widow.

"Mary," he began, "I have come to take you to the circus."

"I expected to go with Mr. Simpson."

"I wanted to have a long talk with you."

"But you the same as called me a dodo."

"I know, but neither of us knows what a dodo is."

They drove away together, and when they had made a distance of two miles and were crossing a swamp Abner took something from his coat pocket and gave the packet a fling among the grass and water.

"What is it?" asked the widow.

"Shall we be married Thanksgiving day?" he asked as he dodged her question by hitting at a horse fly with the lash.

And the sheriff found no clew.

A Matter of Pronunciation.

Is it too late to make a stand against the mispronunciation of the word freeze as applied to Irish tweed? On the other side of St. George's channel they know better than to confuse their wall decoration with their dress material and pronounce the one "freezer" and the other "friz."

So did we in old England. Originally meaning the curling nap on cloth from the French "friser," to curl; Welsh, "fris," nap of cloth—friz, as it was then spelled and pronounced, came to mean cloth that had a nap on one side and is now applied to any rough kind of home-spun. We can be sure of the old pronunciation from the motto worn by Brandon, duke of Suffolk, when, on his marriage with Henry VIII's sister, he appeared at a tournament on horse draped half in "frizier" and half in cloth of gold.

Cloth of gold, do not thou despise. Though thou be matched with cloth of friz.

Cloth of friz, be not thou too bold. Though thou be matched with cloth of gold.

—London Chronicle.

Early European Postal Events.

March 1, 1500 (O. S.), Francis de Taxis appointed "capitaine et maitre de nos postes" by Philip, regent of the Netherlands, at Ghent. It is a matter of record that the Taxis posts carried English mails from Calais to Vienna and Rome before 1500.

Jan. 18, 1504 (O. S.), Francis de Taxis instructed to establish regular posts between Brussels and the capitals of Germany, France and Spain, with pay of 12,000 livres per annum.

In 1507 England had a "magister postarum," appointed by Henry VII. Possibly it was Sir Brian Tuke, who served until 1545.

Nov. 12, 1516, Charles V. concluded a contract with Francis and Baptist de Taxis requiring them, for 11,000 gold ducats, to maintain posts between Brussels, the capitals of Germany, France and Spain and Naples. Every postoffice was to have two horses. The Brussels-Paris route was to be covered in thirty-six hours, Brussels-Burgos in seven days and Brussels-Naples in fourteen days.

Abdul's Way.

Abdul Hamid insists upon it that every ruler or other political personage should die a natural death. Other manners of death are not "recognized" officially in Turkey. When King Humbert was assassinated at Monza the Turkish newspapers announced this sad event in the following form: "King Humbert left the hall amid the chaotic chaos of the people. The king, much affected, bowed several times and to all appearance was immediately dead."

When the late shah of Persia was assassinated the Turkish papers said: "In the afternoon the shah drove to his summer palace and there complained of illness. His corpse was sent to Tehran."

One paper, however, exceeded all others in "simplicity" the piece of news by publishing this absurdity: "The shah felt a little ill, but finally his corpse returned to the palace."

This phrase was too much even for the Turks, who have retained it to this day as one of their proverbs.—Dundee Advertiser.

D. E. WILKINSON,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
No. 393 Franklin Street, opp. Washington Avenue.
Office Hours: 8:00 A. M. to 8:00 P. M. and 10:00 A. M. to 10:00 P. M.
Telephone Call Bloomfield 22.

D. R. F. G. SHAUL
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
EAR, NOSE AND THROAT A SPECIALTY.
No. 70 Washington St., Bloomfield, N. J.
Office Hours:
Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays until 9 A. M.; 1:30 to 5 P. M.; 7:00 to 9 P. M.
Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays until 9 A. M.; 1:30 to 5 P. M.
Sundays until 10 A. M. and by appointment.
Telephone No. 1148.

S. O. HAMILTON, D. D. S.
DENTIST.
No. 32 Broad Street, Bloomfield, N. J.
Telephone No. 651—Bloomfield.

D. R. W. F. HARRISON,
VETERINARY SURGEON.
Office and Residence:
329 Broad Street, Bloomfield, N. J.
Office Hours: 8 to 9:30 A. M., 8 to 8 P. M.
Telephone No. 1074—Bloomfield.

CHAS. H. HALFPENNY,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
Office: 205 BROAD STREET, NEWARK.
Residence, Lawrence Street, Bloomfield.

SAMUEL W. BOARDMAN, JR.
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
Special Master in Chancery.
Union Building, 11-15 Clinton Street, opposite
Prudential Building, Newark, N. J.
17 Washington Place, Bloomfield, N. J.

PILCH & PILCH,
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law.
22 OLINTON STREET, NEWARK, N. J.
Residence of F. R. Pilch, 78 Watessing Avenue.

HALSEY M. BARRETT,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
Office, 160 Broad St., Newark
Residence, Elm St., Bloomfield.

CHARLES F. KOCHER,
COUNSELLOR AT LAW
NEWARK. BLOOMFIELD
Prudential Building, 205 Bloomfield Avenue.

W. M. DOUGLAS MOORE
Attorney and Counsellor at Law.
OFFICE:
149 Broadway, New York City.
Residence, 12 Austin Place,
Bloomfield, N. J.

GALLAGHER & KIRKPATRICK,
LAW OFFICES,
708 Broad Street, Newark, N. J.
JOS. D. GALLAGHER, J. BAYARD KIRKPATRICK.
Residence of J. D. Gallagher, Ridgewood Ave.,
Glen Ridge.

ALFRED B. VAN LIEW
COUNSELLOR AT LAW.
PRUDENTIAL BUILDING, NEWARK, N. J.
Telephone 1091-J Newark.

J. F. CAPEN,
ARCHITECT.
Exchange Building, 45 Clinton Street, Newark
Residence: 576 Franklin Street, Bloomfield.

DAVID P. LYALL,
PIANO-TUNER,
349 Franklin Street, Bloomfield, N. J.
LOCK BOX 144.

Chemicals. Colors. Dyes.

INK
Used in Printing this Paper
IS MANUFACTURED BY
J. M. HUBER,
275 Water St.,
NEW YORK.

Martin J. Callahan,
CONTRACTOR.
Flagging, Curbing and Paving.
A supply of Door-steps, Window-sills and
Cups, and Cellar Steps constantly on hand.
STONE YARD: ON GLENWOOD AVE.
NEAR D. & W. R. R. DEPOT.
RESIDENCE ON THOMAS STREET.
ESTIMATES FURNISHED ON APPLICATION.

A WONDERFUL PROOF.

The Burning Glass as a Demonstrator of the Sun's Heat.

"The sun's heat is so great"—But an intelligent young woman interrupted the lecturer have been made for the sole purpose of convincing skeptical persons like yourself—and this glass concentrates many hundreds of sun rays for us, and it gives us a heat greater than we can obtain in any furnace, a heat that will melt rock into vapor."

The scientist smiled triumphantly. "There is your proof," he said. "The burning glass will only collect a tiny portion of a burning object's heat, and the tiny portion of the sun's heat that it gives us is yet sufficient to change in a jiffy a block of granite into a puff of steam."—Exchange.

"How would you make such a proof?" she asked incredulously.

"With the burning glass," said he. "A burning glass is slightly rounded. Thus it bends into a focus—it concentrates upon one small point—a number of sun rays. The tiniest burning glass, catching only a few rays, will light a fire, set off a gun or bore a red hole in your hand."

"Yes."

"The solar heat which the burning glass collects for us is the tiniest fraction of the sun's actual heat. We can prove this by focusing with our glass rays from a powerful lamp or a great fire. We get a small, bright spot, a little heat, but this heat is nothing to compare with the heat of the lamp itself."

"So, knowing, now, that the solar heat which the burning glass gives to us is but a fraction of the heat of the sun, we take a burning glass a yard in diameter—such glasses have been made for the sole purpose of convincing skeptical persons like yourself—and this glass concentrates many hundreds of sun rays for us, and it gives us a heat greater than we can obtain in any furnace, a heat that will melt rock into vapor."

"There is your proof," he said. "The burning glass will only collect a tiny portion of a burning object's heat, and the tiny portion of the sun's heat that it gives us is yet sufficient to change in a jiffy a block of granite into a puff of steam."—Exchange.

A FEARFUL PEST.

The Perceivable Mosquitoes That Swarm in Scandinavia.

Hunters find the mosquitoes a terrible pest in parts of northern Scandinavia. One writes: "The warmth of the sun is rousing our deadly enemies, the mosquitoes, into active warfare. Attacked as we are by a few score of viciously piping skrimishers from the mighty host, we have before advancing to look to the joints of our harness and don our gauntlets; then in descending the long slope toward our bivouac the scores of the foe are gradually multiplied to hundreds, the hundreds to thousands, the thousands to myriads, till we are at length enveloped in a dense cloud of winged fiends. The horses are a distressing sight. From nose to tail, from hoof to withers, their ungainly bodies are covered with what might be taken at a casual glance for gray blanket clothing, but which is really a textile mass of seething insect life, so closely set that you could not anywhere put the point of your finger on the bare hide."

"For such small creatures mosquitoes exhibit an astonishing amount of character and diabolical intelligence. They dash through smoke, creep under vell or wristband like a ferret into a rabbit hole and when they get neither dash nor creep will bite. At times with the cunning of a red Indian. We wore stop dogskin gloves, articles with which they could have had no previous acquaintance, and yet they would follow each other by hundreds in single file up and down the seams, trying every stitch, in the hope of detecting a flaw."

And the same writer concludes: "The problem presents itself. Why are these vermin so horribly bloodthirsty and so perfectly formed for sucking blood? It is one of the great mysteries of nature. On the uninhabited stretches of Finland they must as a rule exist on vegetable diet, the chances of blood so rarely occur."

Genesis of Cotton in America.

The first planting of cotton seed in the colonies was in the Carolinas in the year 1621, when seeds were planted as an experiment in a garden. Winthrop says that in 1648 "men fell to the manufacture of cotton, whereof we have great stores from Barbados." In 1736 it was cultivated in the gardens along Chesapeake bay, especially in the vicinity of Baltimore, and at the opening of the Revolution it was a garden plant in New Jersey and New York, but its real value seems to have been almost unknown to the planters until about 1780.

The Chameleon.

The American chameleon, a small lizard, inhabits various parts of the southern United States. The little animal has the remarkable habit of quickly and completely changing its color, ranging from brown to yellow and pale green. Its food consists of insects. The little animal is perfectly harmless to higher forms of life, is often kept as a pet and has been worn attached to a chain as an ornament. The toes are provided with adhesive pads, which enable the lizard to run upon smooth, vertical surfaces.

The Room at the Top.

"All the lower berths are taken," said the ticket seller. "You'll have to take an upper berth."

"Of course," grumbled the professor. "There's always room at the top!"—Chicago Tribune.

In the British museum are books written on oyster shells, bricks, tiles, bones, ivory, lead, iron, copper, sheepskin, wood and palm leaves.

The Standard Livery and Boarding Stables.

T. H. DECKER, Proprietor,
No. 600 BLOOMFIELD AVENUE.

Large stock of good horses. Perfect Family Horses.

Gentlemen's and ladies' driving horses. Brand New Coaches, Carriages, and Buggies of Latest and most approved styles.

First-Class Equipment in Every Respect. If you have occasion to use a livery of any kind for any purpose, or a horse to board, furniture or baggage to move, before going elsewhere visit and examine the facilities and accommodations of the Standard Livery and Boarding Stables.

FURNITURE STORED. Courteous Attention and Satisfactory Guaranteed. Telephone No. 73.

There are Patents, and there are

PATENTS WHICH PROTECT.

We procure you the last kind unless you order otherwise.

Our preliminary searches (\$5) are very trustworthy, and free advice as to patent ability goes with them.

DRAKE & CO., Patents

Cor. Broad & Market Sts.,
Telephone 2104-A. NEWARK, N. J.

JOHN G. KEYLER'S SONS,

General Furnishing

Undertakers

and Embalmers.

556 Bloomfield Ave., Bloomfield, N. J.

Everything pertaining to the Business furnished.

TELEPHONE CALL NO. 35.



OUR LIGHT HARNESS

is not lacking in strength and durability, as some might suppose. We have a way of making Light Harness almost indestructible, and there's no secret about it either. We simply procure the best leather, absolutely free from flaws, and put it into the hands of workmen thoroughly skilled, and the result is perfection, etc.

JOHN N. DELHAGEN,

10 BROAD STREET,
BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

Amos H. Van Horn, Ltd.

THE BIGGEST Parlor Suit and Couch Week Ever!

Maybe you're just looking for a buying opportunity like this, a chance to furnish up a new home or re-furnish an old one! If so, snap it up for there's no knowing when it will come again, tho' something's always doing here.

Not quite ready? all right—we'll gladly reserve your selection—no charge for holding it, one, two or three months. Terms cash or credit.

The Parlor Suits—80 Kinds

\$20.00 Suits... 16.50	\$45.00 Suits... 36.00
\$25.00 Suits... 20.00	\$60.00 Suits... 48.00
\$30.00 Suits... 25.00	\$80.00 Suits... 65.00
\$40.00 Suits... 33.00	\$100.00 Suits... 84.00

The Couches—over 40 Styles

\$7.00 Couches... 4.98	\$9.50 Couches... 7.49
\$8.00 Couches... 6.00	\$12.00 Couches... 8.50
\$8.50 Couches... 6.50	\$14.00 Couches... 9.98

Over 5 Acres of House Furnishings

AMOS H. VAN HORN, Ltd.

Be sure you see "No. 73" and first name "AMOS" before entering our store. ACCOUNTS OPENED—EASY PAYMENTS. 73 MARKET ST., NEWARK, N. J. Near Place St., West of Broad St. All deliveries made to our door.